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A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

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The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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EDITED BY

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
ERNEST BOYD
SHERWOOD ANDERSON
JAMES BRANCH CABELL
EUGENE O'NEILL

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE Editors, with loud and regretful sniffles, confide to their public that their beloved colleague, Dr. Theodore Dreiser, under the press of large, grave and opulent concerns in other directions, has deemed it necessary to forsake their editorial council table, if not their personal companionship. In such a juncture, it is, of course, the invariable custom to insinuate—nay, to insist—that there has been a hell of a fight, full of rancor and ear-biting. Well, it just isn't true in this case. *The American Spectator*, to be sure, is less a placid adventure in mutual journalistic admiration than a bull-ring for its editors' differences of opinion; it has been that since its beginning; and the fights amongst us continue to go on merrily. We have, accordingly, not only fought with Dreiser, but he has fought with the rest of us. And let us tell you that he has fetched some very lovely blows. But we have all remained good friends and drinking brothers none the less. So that is that. We shall miss Theo's daily yells and outraged screams of protest, but God bless the old boy, he is a grand soul—and maybe, for all his absence from the editorial boudoir, he will occasionally in the future give us the benefit of his valuable advice, his forceful pen, and the æsthetic stimulation of a periodic look at his Caribbean blue shirts, vanilla ice-cream socks and pea-green bow ties.

THE CATHEDRAL OF BIG BUSINESS

by HOWARD HAYES

RELIGIOUSLY the people have sweated and sacrificed in the building of that vast capitalist edifice, the Cathedral of Big Business; religiously they have slaved as all believers throughout history have slaved in the hope of miracles, of a land of milk and honey. But now the great cathedral is built, and the leaders, the crazed priests who whipped the people on and on while the stones mounted, while the delicate technical problems were being solved, have discharged the workers. They have said, without thinking further, "See! The job is done! You are no longer needed! You may go to your homes now!", and have gone on with their grandiose services, confident that their gods were lavish in approval.

Never before, they cite rightly argue, has such a perfect structure been built; never before have the gods seen such a masterpiece of organization, of science, of technique, of "Progress,"—if perhaps not of old-time beauty—erected to them; and never before has a cathedral been thrown up with any greater speed or efficiency. (Think of the agony of factory night-shifts.)

And now, what of the worshippers?

They languish and are bewildered. The great rites and services and offertories do not fill them, and none of the promised miracles has come to pass. Heaven-on-Earth, Utopia, fade. The great cathedral stands alone and cold, and gives no help to the workers and artists and engineers who built it. It offers them neither food, nor warmth, nor shelter.

"Within this sacred place burns the Holy Flame," say the priests. But common men cannot warm their hands at it nor eat it. They are beginning to suspect that the great edifice which they built is but a monument erected to unresponsive gods, a dead and useless monument kept alive artificially by the abracadabra of the vested priests. These dignitaries, secure within the great stone walls, pompously within their self-appointed offices and regal habiliments, while unsexed flunkies and censer-swingers scrape and bow as smoothly as ever before.

But nothing happens. Nothing. The great bulls go out and encounter apathy. Life seems to have stopped. Even the richest services ring hollow and bring but morons to their knees.

Outside, in the hovels and profane meeting-places of the masses, something is happening. A fluid is moving. A secret search is going on for new gods, for fresh hopes, for the truly sacred flame. There is a feeling, growing steadily more conscious, that the Cathedral of Big Business is a monster. A monster doomed to prove as antiquated and as useless a hulk as any remaining to us from the Middle Ages.

A TIP FOR THE MASTER

THE Jehovah of the fire-eating Protestant sects would do well to emulate one of the characteristics of the despised Prince of Darkness, i.e., regarding his actions when in an ill humor. Satan, when in travail, garbs himself in the habiliments of a monk and helps certain of his own with small favors, whereas the Lord, waking with a hangover, promptly wears out his wrath by sending down an earthquake, a tornado, or a Hoover, to harass those luckless mortals who worship him as Father. Satan's pretending is harmless enough and certainly works no hardships on any human, but when God is angered he makes things pretty miserable for everybody in general.

—Laurence Bell.

THE PERSIAN MERCHANT AND THE RED ARMY SOLDIER

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

THE country 'round Moscow looks like the rolling part of Wisconsin, only occasionally in a clearing you catch sight of a landlord's house, often with white Georgian columns like a southern plantation mansion, but usually on a bigger, more princely scale. The mansions that weren't burned down by the peasants in the first flare of the revolution are now rest-houses, or schools, or sanitariums.

It was to one of these rest-houses, the Writers', that I was being driven by an eight-foot grizzled *izvoshchik* when he asked me if I was a German. I said I was an American. "Americans are civilized, but Germans are more civilized," he said. "Here in Russia what we need is more Germans. Now, we have too much liberty. Every barefoot no-account in the village thinks he's as good as the next man. There is no discipline, too much liberty. With liberty everything goes to hell. Hindenburg, he's what we need. He's a great man. But the young men now, they do nothing but talk about liberty. That will not make a great nation. To become a great nation Russia should have a great man to put every man in his place, a man like Hindenburg."

The Writers' Rest House was a frame building like a small American summer hotel. Behind it there were beeches and a scattered birch wood. If you get a bunch of writers together without any other types of people the effect is dreary in any country. Socialism doesn't seem to have made them any more entertaining as a class. Like the leech, a writer is a varmint that can't get any sustenance from his own kind. Probably you can enjoy their company more when what they say is strained through the incomprehension of a foreign language. Of course you can't help getting to be friends with some of them; then you stop thinking of them as writers and it's all right.

A couple of Russian writers whom I had come to think of as friends took me for a walk through second-growth woods that made me think of Connecticut, except for the terrible lead sky of Russia clamped down over our heads. The wet autumn leaves, the little patches of snow under the birch trees, the brook and the little grassy glades all looked like home; but the smell of the Fall was more sodden and colder. There was none of the flare and excitement of the American autumn.

As we walked they were telling me a story that had happened in Batum when one of them was working there. A Red Army soldier hurt himself working on the parallel bars in the gymnasium, so that the doctors at the hospital thought it necessary to remove one of his testicles. The surgeon there was interested in experiments in glandular transplantation and just happened to have on hand an elderly Persian merchant who was suffering from impotence. So he transplanted some of the tissue removed from the Red Army soldier into the Persian merchant.

When the Red Army soldier came to and heard about it he was extremely indignant. As soon as he got out of the hospital he hurried to the Gaypayoo and denounced the surgeon as a counter-revolutionary and demanded his immediate arrest. The Gaypayoo arrested the surgeon and demanded explanations. The surgeon insisted that he had performed a scientific experiment of great use to the state. The Red Army soldier stormed and said it wasn't the experiment he minded but it was having his proletarian tissue—and a very important type of tissue—being transplanted into the hide of a dirty bourgeois.

The other doctors and technical workers in Batum went on strike and paraded in protest to the Gaypayoo, claiming that the liberty of scientific experiment was being infringed and demanded the surgeon's release. The whole town was in an uproar. There was a public trial at which it was brought out that the surgeon had received a large sum of money from the Persian merchant. Without the money it would have been science, with the money it was counter-revolution. So the surgeon was sentenced to jail but, as he was a very good surgeon and they needed him at the hospital, he was soon let out. In spite of every effort of the Red Army soldier and the Gaypayoo the Persian merchant was nowhere to be found. He had slipped out of bed and vanished across the border.

So the result of this counter-revolutionary experiment will never be known.

SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 20

From the New York World-Telegram:

The Rev. Nicholas Kedroff, archpriest of the Greek Catholic Church and dean of St. Nicholas Russian Cathedral, of New York, today beseeched Providence to lend aid to the success of Anna Sten's new motion picture, "Nana."

John Edelman, an organizer for the Full-fashioned Hosiery Workers, informs the Editors of The American Spectator that in a garment factory in Eastern Pennsylvania women have been employed at six cents an hour to sew on NRA labels.

MILK

by GERRY ALLARD

Editor, The Fighting Miner

"SAY, mister, ya got any milk bottles?" greeted a wee voice as I expectantly opened our squeaky door one cold December day this winter.

"Milk bottles?—" I asked, half to myself and half to the little boy who didn't look over seven years of age. His question was so earnestly directed that I didn't care to interrogate any further.

"Come in out of the cold while I look," I finally stammered. The day was dark; clouds seemed to reach for the earth and a whistling wind rushed eagerly into the front room. My teeth chattered; the house curtains waved wildly to the ceiling.

"Naw, tha's alright, I'll wait here. 'Sides my buddy's waiting for me on t'corna," he replied.

I instantly looked in the direction he pointed and caught a glimpse of another tiny head peering around the corner of a picket fence not higher than three feet. When the accomplice saw me he slid out of sight.

"Thanks, buddy," my touter said, as he loaded one of the three bottles under his arm. Finally, curiosity got the best of me.

"What are you going to do with them?" I asked.

"Why, I'm goin' to sell 'em, tha's what. I used to get milk for 'em but now the milkman don't like me, so I don't give him any," he replied frankly without a wince.

His tiny feet trudged down the precarious steps to the sidewalk. There he staggered with a bottle under one arm and two in his cold blue hands. He had to raise his hands up to his shoulders to prevent the bottles from hitting the ground. His tattered overcoat nearly touched the ground. His sleeves overlapped; pins kept them from fluttering. His lurking buddy ran to his aid. From my window I could see the accomplice nodding his head ecstatically.

My moocher looked back toward the house. Soon they disappeared around the corner.

* * *

Instantly I recalled the empty and filled milk bottles missing on several occasions. I was left in wonderment; my mind inexorably tried to explain the unusual incident.

I smiled.

Two days went by and one morning I went for our milk; it was not there. Luckily, the milkman came around and I reminded him of the fact that he had forgotten to deliver milk that morning.

"Here too?" he snapped. "This is the third place I've lost out today. I've talked sharp to those kids and told their parents. I'm not going to stand for this much longer. I bet I've lost fifty bottles these last two weeks."

"Did you ever stop to think that hungry cats might be the villains in this case," I said jokingly.

"Cats, hell! Cats don't like to stick their noses up against cold glass; besides cats haven't got hands. They do occasionally topple bottles over on concrete and lick the spoils. But I know those brats up on Seventh Street," the milkman whined, very much perturbed. "I'm going to have 'em arrested. That's what I'm going to do!" he exclaimed, as he made up for the lost bottle of milk.

* * *

"Small Bandits Get Parents In Trouble," flashed a headline in the morning paper one day.

"Buddy and Tim Francis, age 7 and 9, were hailed into court yesterday morning accompanied by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Francis, 1436 N. Seventh Street, to answer complaints filed by John Leopold, Midwest Dairy employee, who charged that the two boys had made away with several hundred milk bottles, both empty and full, during the past few months," the news account read.

"Squire W. W. Waterman severely warned the parents of the seriousness involved in the unusual case facing them. The two boys cried aloud, and their mother fainted, as the elder Francis nearly struck Leopold, the complainant. Judge Waterman found Francis guilty of contempt of court and fined him $10 and costs. Failing to procure funds, Francis was ordered to the city jail.

"'Keep those young ones at home or school'," Squire Waterman sternly addressed the mother. "'You got the makings of some Al Capones and I am telling you this milk thievery has got to come to a stop!'

"Francis is a former employee of the Peabody Coal Company. He has been unemployed since the strike began April 1, 1932."

* * *

"Good-morning. How's everything this morning?" greeted the milkman again some days later. He rubbed his hands in a Shylock manner. "I want to collect for the milk."

Suddenly I came to. I reached for one of my lonesome dollars. "Don't bring any more milk," I gulped dryly.

"Are you leaving for the holidays, Mr. Samson?" he asked hypocritically, his nose reddening like a pickled beet.

Accepting the invitation, I let loose. "No, I'm not leaving for the holidays!"

"Oh," he said. "Well, good-day."

I slammed the door and made my speech in the house. I should have told that eighteen-carat scissor-bill what I thought of him, I raved to myself. But what's the use?

I became boycotter Number One.

* * *

Later I saw the kids again. They looked at me sheepishly and with a guilty look. I called to them and, not knowing what to say, gave them each a nickel.

"Get some candy," I said, trying to let them know that I was a friend of theirs.

Every day my baby direct-actionists pass my house and when they chance to see me they shout in unison, "Hello, mister!"

ALLIED DEBTS AND EDUCATION

by A. A. BOUBLIKOFF

Former Minister of Russian Railroads and Member of the Second Duma

THE famous inter-Allied debts, as they stand now, are for all practical purposes as dead as the Dodo. The so-called token payments are nothing but a huge joke. Of late even the hurrah patriots, like Senator Lewis, of Illinois, have stopped yelling about forcing the Allies to pay "to the last red cent." Even the man in the street and, necessarily, the politicians—whose business it is to mislead the crowd—begin to realize that it simply can't be done, though they still keep accusing the Allies of dishonesty.

The whole sorry mess of the inter-Allied debt payments is due primarily to a fundamental error committed by America herself. After the war was over, her national leader repeatedly and very solemnly asserted: (1) that America did not make any profits out of the war, and (2) that America loaned money to the Allies and therefore was also entitled to receive the repayment of the debts in money.

Psychologically, both these assertions may be explained very easily. There is something unsavory in war profits and, therefore, it is only natural for a country to try to deny ever having made them. Besides this, a salaried man, like President Coolidge, who never produced anything, never participated in international trade on a large scale, never studied its mechanics, is likely to acquire a purely shop-keeper's view of the debt situation. He always was paid in cash; he, in turn, paid cash to the grocer and to the landlord. Why should any other payment be made in some other way?

However, economically both these assertions are blatantly false, and national policies should not be based on false premises. The punishment is bound to come.

First of all, America did make tremendous profits from the war. Only through these profits did she become a creditor-country instead of being a debtor-country, as she always was from her very inception.

Secondly, America did not loan money to Europe. She loaned goods. Europe would not have had any use for neatly printed American currency. Goods, not greenbacks, nor even gold, were shipped from America to the European ports. Therefore the repayment of the debts incurred by Europe can and should be effected only in goods and services, not in "cash."

Having become a creditor-nation quite unexpectedly, one might say overnight, without any conscious effort on her part, America even yet has not realized what this conception implies; she has never got rid of her ingrained debtor-nation mentality. She has never understood that, in her capacity of a debtor-nation, she needed a favorable balance of trade—because it was the only source from which she could pay the interest on the money she borrowed and, eventually, amortize her debts. Now on the other hand, as a creditor-nation, *she*—and not the wicked outside world—needs an unfavorable balance of trade, because this is the only channel through which the repayment of the sums she lent Europe can ever be made.

Instead of gradually adjusting her national economy to her new status, America has stubbornly refused to assimilate this fundamental truth and has clung desperately to the ideal of a favorable balance of trade. Hence the ultra-protective tariffs of the recent Republican administration and the crazy foreign lending by Wall Street.

In order to serve the artificially stimulated export trade, America has had to expand greatly her industrial plant, at a cost of several billions investment, and to create a whole army of labor destined to depend for its living solely on this foreign business, which was bound to disappear some day or other, as soon as the artificial stimulation disappeared.

When there were no more American pre-war bonds left in Europe to be shipped back to America, no more gold worth speaking of in the hands of European buyers, and no more private credits from Wall Street available, the whole fantastic structure of American exports, without compensating imports, inevitably had to crumble. And crumble it did.

The depression set in. This depression was essentially a result of a false economic policy pursued by America since the end of the war. The famous Wall Street crash was in no way the cause, but rather a symptom, of a profound economic disease.

Is it the destiny of America to revert to the status of a debtor-nation? Does she have to lose all her foreign investments, inter-Allied as well as private? Is there nothing she can possibly save out of the débris?

Reluctant as we may be to admit it, America yet seems to be possessed by some kind of inferiority complex toward Britain's habits and ways of acting and doing things. The very fact that the English are doing something or other seem to be proof that this is the right thing to be done. To many Americans, America's abandonment of the gold standard, for instance, was unquestionably right, for the sole reason that the English adopted the same course a year before.

It is, therefore, perhaps worth while to remember how England has acted in the past when conditions were similar. She was the world's banker for more than a century. During this period her balance of accounts was always (until lately) in her favor. But the balance of trade, on the contrary, was unfavorable to her. She never insisted that all the sums due her should be paid in cash or in revenue-bearing values. She was quite willing to accept in payment things very far from necessary to her, or even economically valuable in a general way. She indulged lavishly in acquiring luxuries of every kind. That is the way her tremendous art treasures were collected. Had she insisted on cash payments, had she refused to be paid in objects of art, long ago all the world's stock of gold would have been accumulated in England and the world's indebtedness to England would have reached fabulous dimensions, thus becoming utterly valueless. In order to realize that this would have happened, one has only to remember that one million invested at 5% compound interest becomes a billion in 150 years. England prevented the calamity of accumulating unpayable amounts of "evidences of indebtedness"—such as face every unreasonable creditor—by consenting to take from foreigners, in lieu of cash and bonds or notes, things and services of no commercial value.

(*Continued on Page 2, Col. 1*)

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ALLIED DEBTS AND EDUCATION

(*Continued from Page* 1, *Col.* 4)

Why not emulate England in this respect? There are still many goods and services which could profitably be absorbed by America without the slightest harm to her domestic production.

The Allies complain bitterly—and quite justly—that they have no means of acquiring dollars in order to pay the United States Treasury, without injuring their own monetary systems and disrupting the whole fabric of international trade.

Why shouldn't America agree to accept the payments due her in local moneys, instead of dollars, and give the assurance that all the sums received would be disbursed in the countries concerned without ever attempting to transform them into dollars?

There are 1,500 universities and colleges in America. The United States Government could donate to each of them, on the average, fifty two-year European scholarships, each of them an equivalent of $2,000 a year in local money. This would require an outlay of $300,000,000 a year, or 3% on the Allied debt—a figure which seems to be acceptable to the United States Government. It seems to me to be superfluous to dwell on the cultural advantages deriving from such scholarships; they are only too evident. Let us simply reflect how study in the universities would be stimulated by the possibility of going to Europe for two years.

The suggestion has also a purely commercial aspect. Russia never bought anything worth mentioning from England and America, while more than 50% of her foreign trade went to Germany. She bought even American cotton through Hamburg. Aside from the proximity of Germany, this custom was due entirely to the fact that nobody in Russia spoke English, while almost every educated Russian at least understood German, if he did not write and speak it fluently. There is not the slightest doubt that every beneficiary of the scholarships, after returning home, would become instinctively a promotor of trade relations between America and "his" foreign country.

In conclusion, it would be, perhaps, worth remembering a very illuminating precedent in handling a similar foreign debt situation by America herself. Some thirty years ago America acquired a legally unassailable right to a portion of the so-called Boxer indemnity from China. Yet she preferred to renounce her claim, stipulating only that sums due her should be used for educational purposes. Rarely has anybody ever made a more profitable "foreign investment." America acquired by it the everlasting good-will of a great nation. Why should the results be different in the case of Europe? Especially if a part of the payments were to be reserved for the foreign students in America.

Anyway, the unanimity of opposition to the debt payments to America would be broken. Too many and too powerful classes of the foreign populations would benefit by the American spending. Ship owners, getting 150,000 additional trans-Atlantic passengers a year, boarding-house owners, shop-keepers of every description, university presidents, etc., would begin to suspect that the honor of their country required a full payment to America.

Of course, such a method of payment as that proposed is not so attractive to the Treasury as cold cash.

Yet where is there any other way of getting any real cash in excess of the ridiculous "token-payments"?

NOVEMBER HONEYSUCKLE

By Erksome Hopewell

With Apologies to *STORY* Magazine

by ROBERT de LANY

Editorial Note: Erksome Hopewell is a street-cleaner in Western Nevada. This is his first published work.

IT all happened in June, 1928. Things had a way with them, then—like mountain laurel brushing against the early dawn.

Me and Joe was bosom pals.

"I'm your bosom pal," says Joe.

"I'm your bosom pal," I says.

One night we says, "We gotta know about women, by God!"

We both says that together, at the same time, like we'd had it on our minds.

It was all so queer, the way things went. I needed a shave and Joe he had a helluva headache.

We started out. Oh, it was like the cool breeze of evening! Everywhere was a breeze. A cool breeze that made me think of the good times I used to have out at old Aunt Mary's. (That was in June, 1907). Things had a way with them, then—like the smell of marmalade against the early dawn.

"Joe," I says, while we was driftin' and dreamin', "Joe, tell me about it all."

Right then a tear come into Joe's eyes. He was thinkin' about it all.

He told it all that night. All about his feelings, an' all about other people's feelings, an' how life was a great enigma, an' how the cotton crop was comin' along.

"Inside there's somethin' wants to come out," he says, layin' his hand on my knee. An' the whole atmosphere seemed to harmonize into our vibrations—like laundry against the early dawn.

Just then a woman comes driftin' past.

"Joe," I says, "there's a woman driftin' past."

We jumps off the fence an' tells the gal good evenin'.

"Lady," I says, "good evenin'."

"Good evenin'," says Joe.

The lady says it too, like she was replyin' to us.

Then all of a suddint somethin' come over me an Joe. I oughtn' to be tellin' ye, stranger, but it's a-weighin' on me. Joe he picks up a rock an' hits the gal over the head. That laid her out. Then we took a-holt a-hands an' sang an' laffed an' spit and tore around like fury. It was the animal in us, stranger.

"Joe," I says, "we're goin' to mix up a lotta mud."

So we mixed up a lotta mud an' spread it all over the lady as she was lyin' there stark an' lady-like. There was a ribbon of moonlight there, too.

We waited for the mud to dry. Then we took a stick an' chipped it all off, lump by lump.

Then we let her go home.

Life is queer—like the sound of milk trucks against the early dawn.

MASTER CRITIC

by CHARLES ANGOFF

Managing Editor, The American Mercury

WHENEVER I get discouraged about the state of literary criticism in the United States, I think of Dr. Henry Seidel Canby and feel a renewal of hope. Beset by the complexities and rapid changes of contemporary life, we are too apt to forget the splendid and incomparable achievements, both in the university groves and in the journalistic mart, of that master literary critic, the editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, that paragon of literary weeklies whose destinies he has guided since its founding in 1924. Dr. Charles A. Beard, in "The Rise of American Civilization," singled him out among all the critics of our time, and called him "an editor of catholic and discriminating taste." Dr. Beard, as is proper for a great and cautious historian, was somewhat modest in his praise, but the obvious truth is that Dr. Canby has far more than "catholic and discriminating taste." He has genius of the purest and rarest kind. He is both the Scaliger and the Coleridge of our time, and the glory he has shed on the literary art since he began writing is beyond calculation.

Recently, to fortify myself against any future doubts about American letters, I re-read all of his books, nearly twenty in number, and also his numerous contributions to the magazines. I found riches a-plenty. The good and great doctor knows his America well, and the wailings of those whom he calls "the carpers" leave him cold. He says that "in sober fact" he has no qualms whatever about "the essential idealism of the normal American mind." It is true, he admits, that the American is full of "practical common sense," but it is also true that he is full of "vigorous idealism." The world at large knows this and cannot help admiring the American's "eager experiments in spirituality." We have a "racial legacy of reverence," and that, coupled with our almost incredible variety of climate, makes the United States the dream of the ages. Says Dr. Canby: "If a man cannot become serene in a New England October, or vivacious in California, or rich or cultured or both in New York, there is little hope for him anywhere. Opportunity to be all things, even an artist or a philosopher, is super-abundant. If anything is lacking it is will."

Plainly, Dr. Canby is not a cloistered literatus. He has traveled and observed, and America is an open book to him. But his rubbing shoulders with the populace has not deprived him of his native critical gift, which is stupendous. Better than any other American, nay, better than any other person who has ever lived, he can take a complex cultural or literary problem and in a few words solve it for all time. Here, for example, is how he disposed of the ancient problem of how to generate good thoughts. He said: "Good thinking needs good minds." He said this way back in 1920, when he was only forty-two years old and editor of the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*. The occasion was an essay "On Reviewing." In that remarkable discourse he answered forever the question of how to get good reviewing: "Good reviewing requires, chiefly, good reviewers. Let us pray for them."

The critiques of Dr. Canby are perfect examples of what such things should be. They are thoughtful, vigorous, and stimulating. No real genius has ever escaped his critical eye. In Amy Lowell he saw "a poet and critic of astonishing virility," and he was sure that "there was not an ounce of mediocrity" in her. When that immortal work, "If Winter Comes," by A. S. M. Hutchinson, descended from on high, Dr. Canby was one of the first to hail it. As a romance, he said, it "ranks highly, for it is poignantly told, there is life in its characters, and truth in the best of its scenes."

About the great mind and art of Christopher Morley he has always had appreciative things to say, in so far as it lay within the bounds of the English language to express his admiration. He has called Morley "a master of lovely, supple English, lifting in the presence of beautiful emotion to a superb prose. . . . [He has] the inner light. . . . [He belongs] among that rare company which the sparse and lean of the world have always distrusted and mere loose livers rightly disliked—the Ben Jonsons, Shakespeares, Goethes, Whitmans. . . ." In short, "Morley is an artist."

When Thornton Wilder's masterpiece, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" appeared, Dr. Canby immediately sensed its grandeur. The "sheer pleasure" of reading it almost overwhelmed him, and he recommended it highly to "the discriminating." Finally, let it never be forgotten, and to his everlasting credit, he has been one of the most persistent champions of the prose and the ideas of Dr. William Lyon Phelps, especially of "his genius for appreciation and his faculty for enthusiasm."

As is true of all great thinkers and writers, from Aristotle to Anatole France, Dr. Canby has let his mind play upon every aspect of human life. Many of his observations will join the treasure-house of world thought. I quote a few of them, and only those within the comprehension of ordinary mortals.

1. "Literature without reflection behind it is oyster soup without oysters."
2. "The two greatest American stories, 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' are products of reflection even more than of art."
3. "Education is a way of making life more valuable; literature is another."
4. "Only a coward thinks that literature is pernicious because it is old.
5. "We are made by the winds; or at least, winds make the weather, and weather controls energy, which is the active principle in man."
6. "A society based upon credit and supported by a neck-and-neck race between production and consumption must be informed as to the terms of its subsistence. For society must certainly stay alive, whether it knows how to live or not."
7. "We wonderfully know our neighbors—but ourselves? Let him who is certain of the answer cast the first vote."
8. "Gardening is the best, perhaps the only, literary recreation. . . . Gardening for pleasure is the mild outward expression of a constructive spirit. It is like the twitching of a dog who dreams."
9. "No war has been so honestly, so faithfully reported as this one [the World War]."
10. "The [World] war lasted too long for Europe. It has brought, with much good, misery and some failure and degeneration unnecessary to write of here. In one sense, it lasted too long for America, since it has destroyed much capital and more lives, actual and potential, than we can yet reckon."
11. "There are apparently always these three states in human experience. First thought, then dramatization and public excitement, last action, which is seldom identical with the pattern of the original thinking, though inevitably stemming from it. And there is always this danger, that orthodoxy, whether of religion, or science, or mere use and want, will dam the stream too long."

These stimulating remarks, culled from Dr. Canby's writings, give a fair idea of the riches in them. I earnestly recommend them to all lovers of fine, vigorous, and noble thinking. They are an unfailing source of insight, hope, and Americanism.

THE IRISHMAN AS LOVER

by KATHLEEN BURKE

THE wild Irish boy-o, the broth of a boy, is one of the traditional figures of female delight. His strong, manly features (with that irresistible "boyish" look), his gift of blarney, his bravery, his romanticism,—all these have combined to make the Irishman a virile rival to the Latin of Gigoletto fame. He cannot be hired as a dancing partner, but with the vehement generosity of his race he will play this or any other part for the sake of a lady's bright eyes. His dark hair and blue eyes, his melodious brogue—the thrush in his throat, as Mrs. Pat Campbell calls it—and his winning ways make him, in the popular imagination, the only possible alternative to a dashing Georgian prince, a Spanish guitar-player, an Armenian novelist of Mayfair, or an Italian airman. His indubitable Nordicness saves him from all the aspersions cast upon the equally glamorous, but non-Aryan, breeds from the Black Sea or Mediterranean littorals.

In actual fact this romantic fellow is more prosaic than the strongest and most silent of strong, silent Englishmen. Like his confrère, the gallant Frenchman, he totally lacks that capacity for naïve and untrammelled joy which makes the Elk the delight of every bordello and night club between the Barbary Coast and Port Said. Unlike the Frenchman, he is not parsimonious but, like him, he is fundamentally a peasant and a family man, with cares on his mind that no amount of Rotarianism can enable him to forget. His hope in life is to settle down in an Irish republic with a wife and fourteen children.

With this ideal he can make no compromise, because he is the pathetic slave of two religions, Catholic puritanism and Irish patriotism. At the precise moment when his verbal blandishments have caused one of us to prepare for complete surrender, the stern finger of religious duty, or the pathetic figure of Kathleen ni Houlihan, intervenes. Forthwith he ceases all dalliance, and proceeds to make atonement for his sins, or to offer up his body and his immortal soul for the Shan Van Vocht.

For this reason virtue is one of the cheapest and dreariest commodities in the Emerald Isle. What an Irish bishop once described as "the degrading passion of love" does not unduly disturb the pulses of young men who are constantly about to die for Ireland—as so many thousands have done—nor of young women whose years of courtship are occupied in being the highly moral *vivandières* of rebel armies. In other countries Sister Susie sews shirts for soldiers only at rare intervals, but all of my life in Ireland has witnessed nothing but rebellions, civil wars, and insurrections, in which we women have been supposed to console ourselves by helping "our" men, some of us achieving the pathetic ecstasy of marriage in a prison cell one hour before the rebel is executed. Otherwise it becomes our horrid privilege to substitute for amorous exchanges the honor of dressing as a man and mounting the barricades, or of kneeling for hours in the mud and rain praying outside a prison, where a husband or a potential lover is dying, on hunger strike.

Irish puritanism is of a special variety, because it has both earthly and divine sanction. It is temperamentally congenial to us; it is enhanced by the necessities of patriotism; and it is enforced by theological sanction. There are no pretty ladies in the streets of Dublin, and the Irish equivalent is a sorry commentary on what "our" men are like when Kathleen ni Houlihan gives them a night off. I refer the uninitiated to James Joyce's "Ulysses." Even our best dressmaking establishments do not dare to show us the latest Paris fashions. They are modified for Irish consumption, as it is essential that we Irishwomen shall always look a little dowdy and, therefore, less attractive to the male eye than other women.

It is all very well for cosmopolitan intellectuals, like J. M. Synge, to talk of "a voice kissing and talking deep love in every shadow of the ditch," or "making mighty kisses with our wetted mouths, or gaming in a gap or sunshine." As Judge Brack might say, "people don't do such things," at least not if they ever hope to get to heaven, or to liberate Erin from the Sassenach oppressor. After all, when Synge attempted to present the typical Irish boy-o, as the outside world conceives him, the *Irish* world unanimously cried havoc and let loose the dogs of "pathriotism."

Because adventurous Irishmen are found in every quarter of the globe, people are inclined to overlook the sad fact that ours is a country of underfed, puritanical peasants, completely contemptuous of romanticism in all its forms. Our marriages are sordid arrangements made by parents with land and cattle, and their purpose is to give us the opportunity to overpopulate the country. It will never be necessary, so long as Irishmen are Irishmen, to bribe married couples to have large families. Love is not a pleasure but a religious duty in our unpsychoanalyzed country, with its Mother Machree-Kathleen ni Houlihan fixation. W. B. Yeats' play of the latter name has been vastly admired for its undoubted beauty and its patriotic thrill, but I now offer it in evidence of my contention that a man with a mother fixation is a bad lover, and an Irishman with a Mother Erin complex is even worse. The literature of modern Ireland offers proof at every turn that romantic love plays little part in Irish life and that we are, as a whole, a sexless race.

In the old Gaelic literature a very different picture is given. One of the greatest love stories in classical literature is that of Deirdre and Naisi. Beautiful Queen Maeve was the kind of woman our modern censors ban, when her reincarnation today is portrayed by a contemporary writer. Ireland was once apparently a normal country, but patriotism and religion have altered all that. Other nations revolt against puritanism because their instincts rebel. We acquiesce because we reserve all our rebellions for political purposes. A preoccupied man is a poor lover, but when his preoccupation continues from generation to generation, and becomes periodically a matter of life and death, then he becomes an Irish lover, that is to say, a man who has been told on authority that he should raise a family. His emotional life finds other outlets. He gives to Ireland what was intended for womankind.

REQUIRED READING

"The first of Fru Undset's books to have official publication in this country was the initial volume of her 'Kristin Lavransdatter' trilogy, 'The Bridal Wreath,' and undoubtedly the first praise she received here went to her partly through a misapprehension."—*The American Review.*

Required Reading: Jenny. By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by W. Emmé. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1921. Also all contemporary reviews.

FAILURES—AND WHY

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

TO succeed commercially in the theatre these days, a treatment of the old Cinderella theme must be either very good or very bad. When a critic makes any such observation as this, it is the habit of dolts, for all its truth, to put it down either to a straining for showy paradox or as mere senseless smart-aleckry. Yet any one who knows his theatre will appreciate, from a scrutiny of the records, that it comes pretty close to being a fact. It is obvious that any very good paraphrase of the Cinderella theme—or, for that matter, any other theme—stands an excellent chance of success in the theatre. What is not in this case so obvious, although equally truthful, is that a very poor treatment of the Cinderella theme, above all other themes, stands the same excellent chance. Consider, for example, such more recent frumpy treatments, and their happy reception, as have been instanced in the cases of "A Church Mouse," "The Good Fairy," *et al.*

Mr. Samson Raphaelson was the latest playwright to tackle the paraphrasing job. His effort was called "The Wooden Slipper." But, as he managed the job neither badly nor well enough, his play got nowhere with the box-office and went to the storehouse in less than a week. It is Mr. Raphaelson's misfortune that his mind has a penchant for the dramatic clichés of twenty years ago; doubtless due to his relatively tender years he gives every appearance of relishing them as something either wistfully or hilariously new. For example, he rolled on his dramatic tongue, in this last exhibit of his, that venerable cutlet of a hundred-odd plays of two or more decades ago consisting of the scene in which the lovelorn young girl, suddenly learning of her swain's interest in another, inquires heart-brokenly whether he has told the other that he loves her; in which the swain remains mute and guiltily hangs his head; in which the downcast young woman thereupon also hangs her head (the twain maintaining the business for a full thirty seconds); and in which the young woman then abruptly moves over to the grand piano, stands erect and magnificently self-contained again at its side, and imperiously informs him that he had better leave the house, the swain thereupon, after a shame-faced parting glance, making his exit with his head still down on his second waistcoat button. For another example, Mr. Raphaelson displayed a taste for extracting prolonged comedy out of the equally ancient dialogic device of having several characters attempt elliptically to describe a succulent dish which baffles their powers of precise gustatory specification. If in the future he wishes to make a deal of money at the box-office, Mr. Raphaelson will either have to write even worse than that—or a thousand times better.

II

Paul Osborn's "Oliver Oliver," while a marked let-down from his qualified "The Vinegar Tree," nevertheless revealed periodically his nice word-gift and trick of easy and unforced writing. It remained in sum, however, a deficient comedy, because he has not yet mastered the difficult and necessary business of evoking an after-image of some body from an essentially bodiless comedy. The contention of certain critics that any comedy that entertains you while you are in the theatre has fully accomplished its purpose is true up to a certain point, but that point is still a considerable distance from the goal of really successful comedy writing. Fully to accomplish its purpose, from a box-office as well as from a critical viewpoint, a comedy must also entertain you in recollection. The comedy that does not, the comedy that evaporates from even the pleased consciousness immediately you leave the theatre, is not a comedy that stands much chance of prosperity. And Mr. Osborn's was such a one.

Upon the appearance of "The Vinegar Tree," it seemed to some of us that in its author the American theatre had found a comedy writer with considerable promise. But, after this newest play, it must regretfully be recorded that that promise is still deferred. One notes with some dissatisfaction Mr. Osborn's reliance for comedy effect upon such old dodges as a female character's ignorance of the meaning of some more or less familiar term and her glossing over of her discomfiture by a prompt, lofty and decisive—and utterly absurd—definition of it. One also notes, with even more dissatisfaction, his paraphrase of the hoary laugh-getter on Oshkosh or Peoria by making it a yap state instead of a joke-town. The creation of genuine comedy, alas, does not lie that way.

The Editors of The American Spectator, having not long ago heard the broadcast of the victorious Columbia University football team, conclude that Fowler's "English Usage" is not part of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's curriculum.

THE SOURCES OF
Anthony Adverse
by Hervey Allen

Hervey Allen's reply to scores of requests for information concerning how his famous novel came to be written, appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature* of January 13th, under the title—*The Sources of Anthony Adverse*. So great was the demand for this number that it was reprinted three times and entirely sold out. Now, the article is available as a 16 page, illustrated pamphlet which will fit inside your copy of the novel. You will want it. (And you will forgive us for remarking here that this article is typical of the many highly interesting articles in *The Saturday Review*.) The price of the pamphlet is ten cents. If your bookseller cannot supply you, send your order, enclosing ten cents, direct to. . . .

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IT'S NOT CRICKET

by ST. JOHN ERVINE

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR has broken its record. Until its January issue appeared, its editors could proudly say that *they* had never published a silly article. They can say this no longer, for Mr. John Dalley, the editor of *The Bulletin*, Sydney, New South Wales, has robbed them of their right to boast. His article, "John Bull's Step-Children" is easily the silliest article I have ever read.

I have lived in England for thirty-three years, but I have never heard the Australians even mentioned more than half a dozen times, two or three times in admiration, two or three times in rebuke. In brief, on the few occasions when I have heard references to Australians, the remarks have been about fifty-fifty in praise and dispraise. "Millions in English cities, etc.," have something better to do than "spend delightful hours" in crabbing Australians. Mr. Dalley, having attributed to "millions" of the English an almost endless preoccupation with Australians, then asserts that "practically the only Australian news-items . . . other than items about sport . . . that get into the English papers" are "excited reports of strikes and crimes against aborigines." I am an assiduous reader of newspapers. I have never seen a single report of a crime against Australian aborigines in an English newspaper in my life, and if such crimes *are committed* I should like to know why they are *not* reported. I cannot recall a report of a strike in Australia that was more exciting than a report of a strike in Great Britain.

Mr. Dalley says that "Members of the A.I.F. were thought more of as front-line soldiers than most members of British units; the high command proved it by conceding them positions of honor everywhere." So *they* won the war, did they? I thought the American troops had won it. What I want to know is, why was I put in the front-line when there was an Australian soldier left to take my place? Somebody did the dirty on me and on all my comrades. We were sent into the trenches, although there were still a number of Australian soldiers alive. Shame, sir, shame! It isn't cricket, sir, to ask an Englishman or an Irishman or a Welshman or a Scot to take the risk of losing his life while there is a stout-hearted Australian left to take it in his place!

Mr. Dalley, I can well believe, is not a representative Australian. Nobody in Great Britain or Ireland would dream of denying the courage or the virtues of the Australian troops, but courage and virtue are not monopolized by Antipodeans. There were brave men even in the British Army, and a very considerable number of them were killed. That is all we say about them. We will not enter into a competition with Mr. Dalley over the merits of the dead, awarding a larger medal to this man than to that, although I, who was an Irish soldier, think it only just to say that the English soldier received considerably less publicity for his courage than was received by Australian, Canadian, South African, Irish and Scottish soldiers. When Mr. Dalley makes the statement that "Members of the A.I.F. were thought more of as front-line soldiers than most members of the British units; the high command proved it by conceding them positions of honor everywhere," he proves that he was never within a thousand miles of a front-line. If he had been, he could not have made such a statement. It is a poor way to praise yourself by belittling others.

The feeling which the British people had against the Australian troops was no more and no less than a Bostonian would have against an Arizonian. It was no more than the feeling I had as a boy against an American cousin who came to live in my grandmother's house. His ways were different from mine, and I did not always understand what he said. I lost my feeling against him when I discovered that *he* resented me because my ways were different from his and he did not always understand *me*. We decided to tolerate our differences and to translate our obscure speech to each other.

Some, but only some, of the Australian soldiers were undeniably rough-necked. So were some British soldiers. Their notion of exhibiting their manliness was to get drunk and throw things about. That is not a method of exhibiting he-manishness which appeals much to the majority of civilized people, and it is easy to understand why those who thought that chronic alcoholism was a sign of masculinity soon ceased to be admired. Our papers, at one time, were full of wails from Australian mothers who were deploring the seduction of their innocent sons by English girls. When I saw some of these innocent sons, six-footers every man of them, and each of them roaring drunk, in the toils of brimps of English girls, I felt that it was the girls who needed protection and not the men. But I should have said the same about British soldiers who went roaring drunk with Australian girls. Nobody here made the fatuous mistake of supposing that every Australian soldier or even the majority of Australian soldiers, were disorderly and habitually drunken.

The only serious adverse criticism I ever heard passed on Australian soldiers was one that I heard passed on American soldiers, and not only by British officers. The judgment of the French was even sterner. It was passed on their indiscipline. A sergeant in the Grenadier Guards, a bit of a roughneck himself and a very hefty drinker, exclaimed in derision of some Australian soldiers, "Well, thank God, I ain't a bloody 'ero! *I'm a soldier!*"

The remark was profoundly critical of Australian soldiering, and it was, I think, a just remark. The Australians went over the top in a crowd, almost in a heap, and gesticulated like ham actors in a blood-and-thunder melodrama, with the result that they were almost wiped out. Their sorrowing relatives then said that they had done all the fighting and were always put in the post of honor, etc., etc. . . . Mr. John Dalley is saying it still, and is even making an ass of himself by saying that "countless ex officers"—what a man he is for large numbers!—"who are now solicitors, accountants, shop-walkers and clerks all over the Empire boil with fury to this day when they remember the salutes they looked for and didn't get from Australians."

Well, it was very bad-mannered of the Australians not to salute officers when they met them. I should have sickened with shame when I was a Tommy if I had ignored my officers. I would as soon think of walking into a house with my hat on.

But Mr. Dalley must not humbug himself, for he will not humbug anybody else, with the belief that "countless" Britons are still biting their nails with vexation and rage because Australian soldiers failed to salute them. The omission of the salute was only part of their general indiscipline. The Guards sergeant sneered at the heroics of the Australians because he knew that a disciplined man is a better soldier than an indisciplined one, even though the latter be full of courage and high spirits. The man who walked up the Salient, "keeping his distance," was a soldier: the man who went all anyhow, shouting and yelling and being a hell of a hero, was very soon a corpse. I do not know whether this fact will ever penetrate Mr. Dalley's head.

BOYD DIGESTS THE BOOKS

"I Commit to the Flames." (*Ivor Brown.*) London: 7/6—This engaging London dramatic critic, economist, novelist, and essayist adopts the Hitler formula metaphorically to pronounce his anathema on the various crazes and cults which will one day mark this period as one of the most hysterical in history, the era of Tum-tum and Tom-Tom. His range is wide, from sex-mania *à la* Hollywood to D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot. His complete contempt for the coterie and mob idols of the moment is refreshing.

"Shake Hands With the Devil." (*Rearden Conner.*) New York: Morrow. $2.50—A publishing—not a literary—curiosity. A blood-and-thunder shocker based on events of the 1918-1922 war in Ireland. Blood flows copiously on every other page and its "spurtings" and "bubblings" seem to afford the author a sadistic delight. For inaccuracy of Irish idiom, ignorance of Irish manners and customs, and aburdity of geographical detail, the book will take a lot of beating "Irish" fiction by Dion Boucicault out of Hollywood. A Literary Guild book.

"Whisky." (*Aeneas MacDonald.*) New York: Duffield and Green. $1.50—A Scot discourses learnedly on a subject usually neglected in favor of wines. His scorn is heaped on those who drink the noble beverage of his country merely for the "kick," the "spot-and-a-splash" school. But he does not conceal the difficulties of getting the authentic thing; in fact, makes that feat sound well nigh impossible. He lists all the best distilleries (wih map) of Scotland, and magnanimously adds the Irish for good measure, while explaining the difference between Irish whiskey and Scotch whisky.

"T.N.T." (*T. Swann Harding.*) New York: Long and Smith. $2.75—The initials stand for "These National Taxeaters," *viz.*, the various departments and officials supported out of Federal taxes to look after the interests of the community. Mr. Harding shows, with scathing effect, how our profiteers persistently imply, and constantly state, that all American bureaucratic institutions are a swindle and a total loss, whereas their work is mostly invaluable, never run for profit, rarely at a loss, and always availed of by business men on the make, who want to keep government out of business.

"The Weeds of Wall Street." (*Arthur M. Wickwire.*) New York: Newcastle Press. $3.00—A well documented account of the mysterious manipulations whereby the financiers of this Republic do themselves very well and do very badly by the confiding, until a crisis calls their bluff and investigation gives the public a faint glimpse of the harsh facts of financial life.

"Who Rules America?" (*John McConaughy.*) New York: Longmans and Green. $3.00—Another and more historic review of the strange and dubious goings-on of the rugged individualists. Although a patriot, the late Mr. McConaughy has gazed with a sardonic eye upon the masterminds of politics and Big Business, and has turned a skeptical ear to their universally accepted, but highly ungrammatical and dishonest, panegyrics urging that they be allowed to run this country for the greatest profit of the smallest number. There may, perhaps, be a touch of naïveté in his discovery that democracy was not really the aim of the Founding Fathers, but probably it will be news to thousands who, but for 1929, would continue to ignore the historians who first said so.

"Horses and Apples." (*Bassett Jones.*) New York: John Day Co. $1—This modestly priced and apparently inoffensive little booklet hurls one more stick of dynamite into the economic arena. The equations are terrifying to the layman and are Einsteinian in their abstractness and in their implications. In brief, the author demonstrates that the current economists, regardless of creed, are all barking up a wrong tree, known as the composite price level, because their calculations are based on a confusion of horses and apples, a procedure which violates the principle of dimensional homogeneity. The only yardstick of any value must be a unit of measure common to all commodities. So far the dollar alone fills the bill, but it is a variable yardstick . . . *et ainsi de suite.*

NATHAN DIGESTS THE THEATRE

"JOHN BROWN" (*Ronald Gow*)—The martyr of Harper's Ferry converted into a cross between Dowie and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. It enjoyed a magnificent run of two nights.

"No More Ladies" (*A. E. Thomas*)—Potentially amusing comedy kicked in the rear by its author's fondness for such ancient jests as the church and river at either end of Wall Street, the long cigarette holder and its user's practically having given up smoking, the hussy who genially says she's easy to know and her rival's sarcastic observation that the latter has heard so, and the silent movie actress who had difficulty in talking when the talkies came in and who learned how to in a speak-easy.

"Mackerel Skies" (*John Haggart*)—In the last six years, we have had forty-nine plays dealing with the artistic temperament. This was the worst.

"By Your Leave" (*Gladys Hurlbut* and *Emma Wells*)—Marital infidelity once again serves as the basis of a commonplace and long-winded farce-comedy which, in its second act, mildly relieves the evening with several good laughs.

"Whatever Possessed Her" (*Hardwick Nevin*)—Trash.

"Mahogany Hall" (*Charles Robinson*)—Unintentionally humorous play about a house of joy, with the Professor sentimentally given to playing Chopin, the Madame yearning for Pure Love, and the ladies wistfully ruminating on marriage, babies and little houses in the country.

"Come of Age" (*Clemence Dane and Richard Addinsell*)—Ridiculously amateurish experiment in music-drama, with the drama portion consisting mainly in the worst kind of nursery rhyming and the music portion in more or less obvious paraphrasings of "Ol' Man River," etc.

"False Dreams, Farewell" (*Hugh Stange*)—Movie stuff dealing with the doomed S. S. Grand Hotel. It duly sank with all hands, including the author?

"Wednesday's Child" (*Leopold Atlas*)—A Broadway paraphrase of "Poil de Carotte," with writing so crude that the inherent value of the theme became valueless.

"And Be My Love" (*Lewis Galantière* and *John Houseman*)—Bald epigrammatic comedy about our old friend of the 1890's, the philandering bachelor who puts on his evening clothes and gets ready for business at 11 a.m.

"The Joyous Season" (*Philip Barry*)—Uninspired and dramaless play about a sagacious nun who, returning to the home of her family, irons out its difficulties.

"Hotel Alimony" (*A. W. Pezet*)—Junk.

"American, Very Early" (*Florence Johns* and *W. Lackaye, Jr.*)—Zero.

"Theodora, The Queen" (*J. Milward* and *J. K. Hawkes*)—Zero.

"A Hat, A Coat, A Glove" (*W. Speyer* and *W. A. Drake*)—Mediocre crime play containing Court-room Scene No. 42,631.

"The Wind and the Rain" (*Merton Hodge*)—Young Woodley goes to medical school in a very slender but sensitively written comedy.

MYSTICISM IN SCIENCE

by T. SWANN HARDING

THE basic assumption—first evolved by Galileo and later elaborated and fixed upon the intellectual world by Newton—that scientific reality alone inheres in that which can be expressed mathematically, is pure metaphysics, nothing more, nothing less. This is not to say that it is nefarious, or ridiculous, or even wrong. Since Galileo dealt with pendulums, and levers, and inclined planes, it does grow increasingly evident that this metaphysical system must be renovated for us to make progress in such sciences as biology, but it has been a valuable system for many years and has produced its quota of useful knowledge. The irony inheres in the tacit or even overt assumption of the average scientist that he has nothing to do with metaphysics and his breathless tendency to precipitate himself hastily in any direction in order to find shelter from what he calls metaphysics, or philosophy.

It is not surprising, therefore, that one of the superstitions of science runs to the effect that you can get more out of a mathematical machine than you put into it; that it is a mystical, magic sausage mill, designed to operate upon imperfect data, to impregnate them with the divine afflatus, and finally to push them forth nicely stuffed into skins for our better ordering. Nor do scientists always use mathematical metaphysics consciously and in the *as-if* manner. An archæologist expressed this humorously not long ago when he wrote: "When I was asked to take part in this symposium I felt that for the honor of my profession I must above all things be scientific. I should naturally have liked to assemble some statistics and to have topped them off with one of those splendid formulas that have Greek letters in them. But I've never been able to understand the intricacies of the statistical method; besides which, no archæologist can ever bear to contemplate the magnitude of his probable error."

It must be remembered that in the field of science we have not left magic and religion entirely behind us. For we have discarded neither rules nor values. We find here both myths and fictions. Magic browbeats facts in order to make them subsume under its rules; in other cases it interprets as coming under its rules fortuitous phenomena that science and religion would not admit were magic-controlled. We observe that the symbols of magic and of religion often acquire much supposititious value that is continually interpreted in terms of certitude. In science we shall not leave value behind. For the ultimate metaphysical test of a scientific hypothesis is its fruitfulness. Its value inheres eventually in its utility. However, that value is of a natural and human sort; it is not supernatural value created and perpetuated by occult charms or divine fiats.

II

Yet it is always very easy to make mystical, almost magical, assumptions in the purest physical science. Consider the quite metaphysical assumption that the determination of chemical composition somehow gives us quasi-mystical, basic knowledge about the inner reality of a substance—that when we say "NaCl" we have somehow got far closer to the reality of common salt than when we regard it as a preservative of meat, or a seasoner of food, or a melter of snow. Yet have we done more than metaphysically to assign a property? Salt dissolves in water, which we say, is a property of the salt; but it is also a property of water to dissolve salt.

Furthermore, it is a property of salt, under certain conditions which may be applied, to disintegrate into two simpler substances, the metal sodium and the gas chlorine; but it is also a property of sodium and chlorine, under certain other conditions, to unite and form common salt. The symbolic expression NaCl very conveniently summarizes the type of properties mentioned in the last two statements, and that is all we can say for it. Salt has just as much reality for certain Tibetans and Africans who live where it is exceedingly scarce, and to whom it is a very valuable necessary food, as it could ever have for any chemist as sodium chloride or NaCl. The persuasion that the latter has somehow attained the realm of reality, a delusion the chemist himself repeatedly shares, is another of the metaphysical ironies in scientific thought.

Another fundamental distinction should perhaps be noted. Magic provided man with many ingenious fictions or myths. Religion provided him with very noble visions often expressed in æsthetically satisfying language. The language of science, even its earlier fictions, in fact, tends to be cold and austere; the language in which those fictions are expressed often leaves much to be desired, not only in beauty and grandeur, but even in grammar and syntax. In Genesis matter was "without form, and void," and God moved majestically therein, manufacturing great suns and fertile planets, hurling them dramatically into space and, resting properly on the seventh day, surveyed His own handiwork and found that it was good. Science more coldly speaks of a pound of hydrogen being transmuted into 0.992 pounds of helium and 0.008 pounds of energy, rather more than 430,000,000,000 horse-power a second. It depicts the sun as, possibly originally a mass of hydrogen gas, being gradually transformed into more complex elements during 10,000,000,000 years. But do not be deceived; this too is metaphysics.

Or science may assume the complete transformation of matter into energy, the production of a pound of energy per pound of hydrogen, an increase of 125 in the result, and the conclusion that the sun could continue in operation, at its present rate of dissipating 120 thousand billion tons of its mass annually, for some 15 thousand billion years longer. Then, of course, no mass would be left, and we should have to think of alternative means of self-preservation. Science, therefore, metaphysically conjectures "a possible reversibility of the process of radiation," or the recombination of energy to form matter, and finally asks: "Is it possible that radiation is finally reflected back from the boundaries of limited space, or do we have in the nebulæ some mechanism by means of which the energy released from matter can be stored up once more in the form of atoms or electrons?"

There is a certain majesty in these concepts, a certain grandeur indeed in the very figures. But one can readily see that this myth of creation differs widely from the myths of magic and religion. It is easy to observe, for instance, the tentative character of the myth. It ends with a question, not with any such emphatic declaration as "God created the Heavens and Earth and all that dwelleth therein." It is tentative rather than dogmatic metaphysics.

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BLOOMSBURY: THE OLD CROWD

by ERIC E. DUTHIE

I.

Succès d'Estime

WHEN the stockings of Robina Hackem slip down to her ankles in thick concertina-like layers so that she has to stop, say "Excuse me," lay her paper parcel on the pavement of Tottenham Court Road, burrow beneath her vast skirts till she has dragged them up again to her knees, search her pockets for bits of string and tie them above her enormous calves, the literary young man who is her companion is conscious no doubt of the goggling eyes of policemen and prostitutes, but what cares he?—He is walking with Robina Hackem.

Twelve years ago she published twenty poems. Today she is in the Encyclopædia Britannica. So the correct young man gives her his arm and together they continue their stately progress towards the Marquis of Granby.

II.

The Mother

"How I hate to hear you say that!" cried the old actress.

"That I dislike visiting my mother?"

The acute young critic, always sensitive to atmosphere, raised his eyebrows and lowered his wine untasted. He had noticed the change in his companion—the tragic gesture, the hand drawn quickly to her mouth. "Why do you hate it?"

"I have two sons."

She stuck out her underlip and looked at the young man grimly.

"But you don't know my mother," he said.

"I know your mother—I have two sons."

"You mistake me. I love my mother."

"*Do* you?"

"It is one thing to love one's mother. It is quite another to visit her. We have nothing in common. She is not, you know, very intelligent!"

"How I hate to hear you say that!"

The old actress seemed to groan, and roll slightly like a lioness in pain. Her cigarette flew over her shoulder; her heavy elbows crashed on the table; and she buried her face in her hands.

He was shocked to perceive that her emotion was for herself, that she was not interested in his filial relations.

III.

A Merciless Woman

On his knees in the meadow-grass, the passionate youth was struck by a literary idea. Hoping to turn it to a weapon of love, he sprawled beside her. He gathered her lovely legs in his arms like a sheaf of wheat. He searched her eyes. He said: "How terrible that we shall never know what we feel about each other. The eagerness I have for you is not yours for me, nor ever can be. Your love will always be my mystery, while the expression of my reality of love for you is merely food for your vanity, not for your understanding."

He paused to enjoy this tragic gulf between them while she stared at him in half-humorous contemplation.

"Just think of it!" he exclaimed. "How impossible to tell one's love! What is there for you in the loveliness of a woman's form, in round breasts and thighs, the poise of her head, the shapeliness of her ear? How shall I ever make you understand my excellent appreciation of you—tell me that, O You who have never adored a woman!"

She answered him decisively with peals of disgusting laughter.

IV

A Genius

"I am a successful artist," said the young woman sharply. "I have kept myself since I left my husband."

"Yes, you earn your living," said the elder woman, "and I admire you immensely for it."

"Then why don't *you?*"

(Her rudeness to my companion was too much. I kept silent, enraged, desiring only to smack the younger woman's behind.)

"My dear, I am a poetess, and old. I have neither the energy nor the will to write for money."

"You mean you couldn't."

"Of course I couldn't. Once, long ago, I tried—"

"And failed?"

Stirred, my friend said more than she needed to:

"I failed because my husband wouldn't let me succeed." (The young woman shrugged.) "I know what you are thinking, but you were married to your man, not to mine. Do you know," she went on, "my husband was so jealous of my writing that he used to chase me about the house with his revolver?"

"Did he?"

"I still have the bullet that missed me."

"You like your pain," snapped the young woman.

For a moment there was thunder in the air, but it passed. The old poetess looked whimsically at the youngster, put her arm almost affectionately 'round her shoulders. . .

"I think you still love your husband," she said.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

by HARRY K. DORSETT

I'm hungry.
My stomach hurts.
I haven't eaten for two days.

"Dine and Dance."
I don't want to dine.
I want to eat.
Red meat.
Right now.

"Good Seats On All Floors."
So comfortable.
When I'm so cold.
Winter can be cruel.
It's tough to be out.
It's going to be tougher.
For me.

"Marlene Dietrich's Legs."
My little ones.
Shrivelled legs.
Ragged.
Miserable.
Quivering in their nakedness.

"Beer On Draught."
Suds . . suds . suds.
I want a loaf.
With butter.
To eat.

"Dancing Partners . .
200 Beautiful Hostesses."
I know.
Hoofing heifers.
I've been stampeded.
Long ago.

"Right Down To Chinatown."
What for?
Save your money.
Then you can eat.
Won't be hungry.
Like me.

"I'm So Blue
Boo . . Boo . . Bub . . Bub . . Aboo
Waiting For You."
That's what my babies are doing.
Waiting.
Eagerly waiting.
For my empty hands.

"Taxi . . Taxi!"
If I could go somewhere.
Where I could sleep.
Peacefully.
Forever.

"Here You Are, Last Edition."
That's what people think:
We can eat words.
Stupid people.
Don't know.
Never been hungry

"Just Time To See The Last Show."
Just time.
Too much time.
Nothing but time all day.
Every day.
Just time.

God, how much longer?
I can't go much longer.

Am I ever going to work again?
I've waited and waited and waited.

I'm so tired.
And hungry.

THE GOD STANDARD

by JOHN ADAM SMITH

RUSSIA repudiating the God standard of belief was not more blasphemous to the Bible profiteers than was America to the bankers when repudiating the gold standard of credit.

The god of the age is gold and to its worshippers this became a godless country when it went off the gold standard.

As the bankers denounced the American Government, the Bible-bangers denounced the Soviet. Both were threatened: the one in his credits, the other in his collection plate.

Yet both standards are fictitious as standards, and one of them has never yet been standardized. The God of any one creed is not accepted by another and in each there is the alloy of local coining.

The commercial world was not on a gold standard and the religious world has never been on a uniform God standard. The percentage of gold to the total of business done has long been a mere fraction, but not less so than the percentage of faith in God to the sum total of human conduct. In both instances, men only "believe that they believe."

Churches have been built on bond issues that are no more God-edged than other bonds are really gold bonds. There is not enough gold in the world to redeem the one and not enough real working belief to redeem the other — on demand. But the Bible profiteer is content with the fact that his church bonds are accepted and will be paid for through the collection plate.

Cathedrals as well as the temples of finance in Wall Street have both been reared on fictions: the one set on a God standard and the other on a gold standard. The principal difference is that inflation in religion comes in times of depression; in finance in times of prosperity. Men turn to God when they have lost their gold. Incidentally the God standard has been a prop for the gold standard. But how men cling to their fictions! If there has been some gold hoarding in America, there is doubtless a little God hoarding in Soviet Russia.

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It shines on all Bermuda, of course, but somehow it seems to be just a little brighter, just a little warmer, at Inverurie. Perhaps it's our grand location, or our delicious cuisine, or our charming guests . . . but whatever the reason, you'll like life as we live it here. So many things to do, and so many nice people to do them with. Swimming, sailing, fishing, golf, tennis, social activities . . there's no end to the round of pleasures.

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Further information and literature from your tourist agent; the Manager in Bermuda; or Bermuda Hotels, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., New York. PEnnsylvania 6-0665.

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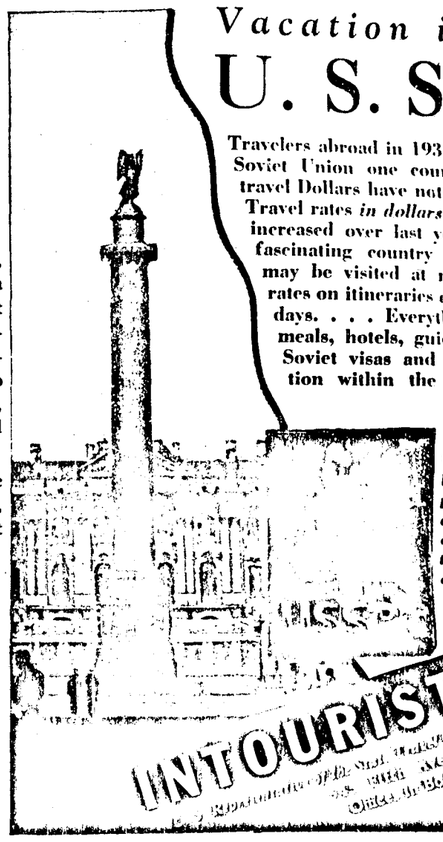

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